

# Women's Societies

## SUGGESTIONS.

By Miss C. L. Campbell.

"Harvest, plenteous, laborers—few; pray ye therefore."—Jesus Christ.

### Five Missionary Minutes—Africa.

When all the Church is studying Africa in April, it will be easy to find material to give your Sunday-school, and so start them early on the study of Africa—our theme for 1917—according to "The Seven Year Plan."

First, write to Dr. John I. Armstrong, of Nashville, for the splendid new chart, inspiring the study of Africa (this for a small price) and have this much in evidence in your Sunday-school assembly room; or have two pupils come forward and put it up at the time.

If you have kept your "Onwards" you will find in the copy dated March 13, 1913, a splendid picture of Livingstone. Frame this, conceal behind a veil, and have a formal unveiling, the veil being slowly drawn by two pupils, as some one with clear voice reads Livingstone's own words: "May heaven's richest blessing come down on every one, American, English, or Turk, who will help to heal this open sore of the world."

Hang over this picture a Congo flag. Have these statistics copied large and clear, and call attention from Sunday to Sunday to such facts as you can plan to emphasize effectively.

(A cheap white window shade makes a very satisfying foundation for these statistics.)

### Africa.

(Our work began in Africa in 1891.)	
Population of our field....	1,810,000
Missionaries .....	50
Children of missionaries ...	6
Native workers .....	655
Out stations, places of regular meeting .....	225
Organized congregations ...	5
Communicants .....	13,216
Additions in 1915 .....	1,204
Christian constituency ....	86,000
Sabbath schools .....	184
Sabbath school membership	15,091
Schools .....	179
Students .....	7,965
Income from native sources (francs, 826) .....	\$165
Native students for the ministry .....	58
Medical: 4 physicians, 3 trained nurses, 1 hospital plant, 4 dispensaries, 500 in patients, 84,000 out patients.	

Literary: 1 printing establishment, 490,100 pages printed, 1,700 Scripture portions, 18,473 other books.

Add in clear letters: Will you help increase these numbers this year? Have somebody read: "The most interesting thing in Africa is the native himself; the more I see of him and study him the more I respect him. If I had a thousand tongues and each of them were inspired by the gifts of the prophets of old, all should be dedicated to pleading for this people."—Bishop J. C. Hartzell.

For another Sunday have in full view the map of Africa with our four central stations marked: Luebo, Bulape, Lusambo, Mutoto, and tell the beautiful story of Mrs. Morrison's life; "Mutoto," as the natives named her. (From Presbyterian Book House, Richmond.)

On this map—all around, because there are so many available—have the children come forward and pin up pictures of our Congo missionaries; these from old Surveys, or from the editor, Mr. W. C. Smith, for 15 cents a sheet. (And did you ever notice how good looking these Congo missionaries are

—all of them?)

It might help to make these names household words, to having two or three pupils repeat in concert this

### Roll of Honor.

Morrison, Martin,  
Fair, let us sing;  
Washburn, Wharton,  
Coppedge and King:

Arnold and Sieg,  
Stixrud and Crane;  
Then we sing Vinson,  
And Fearing's long reign.

De Yampert and Wilds,  
Allen and others,  
Kellersberger, Schlotter,  
Our far away brothers:

McElroy, Daumery,  
Bedinger, Miller;  
Then comes the Smith,  
And Hillhouse the tiller;

Edmiston, Rochester,  
Cleveland, Stegall;  
McKee and McKinnon—  
God bless 'em all.

Should any leader of a society find a usable thought in these suggestions, try this for your invitations to the meeting.

Get blank tissue paper and cut maps of Africa about four inches long; you can cut ten or more at one time, by folding the paper. If you have time, cut four small holes to show the position of our four stations. Paste these maps on sheets of note paper, and write, "Come, Monday, April 16th, at 4, and help lighten this dark continent."

Mail these to your members; or, with your pastor's consent, put them into the hymn books in the pews in such a way that they must be seen.

If you can secure someone who will sympathetically recite this story and poem, by Rev. Samuel Glasgow, it will carry its own message.

### How Long Must We Wait?

(Rev. George T. McKee, of Africa, recites the moving incident of a seeker after a teacher for his distant village who, when thrice refused, there being none to send, cried out in his broken-heartedness, in response to the answer, "You must wait;" "How Long Must We Wait? Oh, teacher, ask the white man in your land, 'How Long Must We Wait?'")

Thrice we have plead for the cup of life,

Years we have waited in sin's sad strife,

In darkness groped, sad misery's mate,

How long.

You know the goodness of God manifold,

Centuries have brought you their grace untold,

Peace and a hope, with no fear of fate,

But We

How Long Must WE Wait?

Our children know nought of the Saviour's love

"Suffer the little ones to meet me above"

As with arms outstretched he stands at the gate,

How long.

How Long Must They Wait?

And the aged totter and feel for the friend

And the shadows lengthen that bring the end,

The sun is sinking, 'tis growing late,

How long,  
How Long Must They Wait?

Lo! The darkened faces merge to one,  
On Afric's shore stands the Risen Son,  
Who with pierced palms outstretched to us

And with tender tones that hear we must,

Says, "The darkness gathers, 'tis growing late,

How long.

How Long Must I Wait?"

### MESSAGE TO VIRGINIA SYNODICAL.

It would help very much in shaping the work of my office if all local and Presbyterian secretaries of Foreign Missions would think out and put into writing just what seems the chief difficulties and discouragements in their work.

Bring these to your Presbyterian that they may be discussed and, if possible, cleared up. There is help for your work, and together we will try to find it.

Carrie Lee Campbell,  
Syn. Sec. For. Missions,  
319 West Grace Street,  
Richmond, Va.

Woman's Presbyterian of Dallas  
Presbytery will meet in the First church, Dallas, April 11th, 12th and 13th, the opening service to be held on Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock, April 11th. A splendid program has been prepared and all societies are urged to have representatives present. Please promptly notify Mrs. E. C. Scott, chairman, 4029 Hall St., Dallas, the names of your representatives and the time of their arrival. Any society not belonging to the Presbyterian should be represented and should join.

Mrs. Wm. Fred Galbraith, Secretary.

The Texas Presbyterials will meet on the following dates, the meetings will be visited by the Synodical president, Mrs. Chris. G. Dullnig, of San Antonio, and a missionary from the foreign field:

Western Texas—San Marcos, April 3-4.

Central Texas—Llano, April 5-6.

Fort Worth—Cleburne, April 10-11.

Dallas—Dallas, April 12-13.

Eastern Texas—Rush, April 17-18.

Paris—Greenville, April 19-20.

Brownwood—San Angelo, April 24-25.

Brazos—Houston, April 26-27.

El Paso—Carlsbad, N. Mex., May 2-3.

Mrs. Elizabeth Wilcox, Secretary.

Harmony Presbyterian Auxiliary

meet April 16th, 17th, 18th, at Sardinia, S. C. The first session will be held immediately after the arrival of the morning train.

Each society is earnestly requested to send representatives; names should be sent at once to Mrs. J. W. McCurd, Sardinia, S. C. Churches not having societies are invited to send representatives also. Mrs. Bramlett, Synodical president, will be with us.

Miss Bettie Aycock,  
Rec. Sec.

### THE LADY AND THE WEATHER MAN.

#### A Dialogue.

By Mrs. Mary Hoge Wardlaw.

"Oh, Mr. Weather Man, dear Mr. Weather Man,

Can you work a miracle? pull your wits together, more!

Grant this petition, asked in all so-Friend

Make us a day of a brand-new variety.

Not too cold or wet,

Too windy or too wild;

Not too warm, nor yet  
Too inviting and mild.  
A day fit for naught save our Mission Society."

"Oh, Lady, Lady! truly you astonish me.

Whence gave your right of my duty to admonish me?

Take it all in all, you can't be said to flatter, ma'am.

Days to your liking I've done my best to scatter, ma'am.

Sunny days and sweet,  
Cool days and clear;

Days that might compete  
With Heaven's atmosphere.

Yet you come complaining! Tell me what's the matter, ma'am."

"Ah, Mr. Weather Man, don't misunderstand me so!

With base ingratitude, how can you brand me so?

I'll state the case again, and try to be explicit, sir.

We need those lovely days, to garden, ride and visit, sir.

They're too good to spend  
On Missions—there's the rub

The worst days you send  
Can't keep us from the Club.

But the Mission Meeting!—for a cloud we'd miss it, sir."

"Lady, alas! there's nothing I can do for you.

Heaven's power alone can make your wish come true for you;

Heaven's grace apply the cure for your anxiety.

Not a special Day, but only special piety.

The change must begin,  
Past all shadow of doubt,

With the weather within,  
Then the weather without

Will always be right for your Mission Society."

Bell Buckle, Tenn.

### WHAT THREE JAPANESE MAIDS DREAMED.

In 1871 five little girls, clad in kimonos of silk crepe and wearing the bright ornaments of girlhood in their hair, left the land of their birth to study in America. They were tiny tots, and only three of them stayed in America for any length of time. Those three became great friends, being the only little maids of their race in America, and, thanks to the way everything in Japan centers in Tokyo, they still see much of one another in the capital of their native land.

Once, when these small girls were lonely for their homes in Chrysanthemum Land, they fell to making wishes. One said, "I want to marry for love, according to the American fashion." She met a young Annapolis naval officer from her country, and her wish came true. She is Baroness Uriu, whose husband has retired from an honored career which led up to his being Admiral. She lost a son in the Russian War.

Another said, "I want to be a fine lady of power." She returned home and is to-day the wife of one of the much-maligned Genro, a man who won fame as commander-in-chief of the Manchurian army in the Russian War, in which she also lost a son. Princess Oyama had her wish.

The third had been the daughter of a farmer and had left her native land when only six years old. She had a wish which I think was the nicest of all. She said, "I don't want to get married. I want to help the girls of Japan to become noble women through careful education."

Miss Ume Tsuda is seeing her wish come true with the passing of each day. When I spoke to her about her wish to benefit the women of Japan, she said, "That was really the wish of all of us. But it has been my work.